A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcorned at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorks* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in *France*.
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. Ma. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why ſhould calamitie be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your client woes,
Aierie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they doe impart
Helpe not at all, yet doe they eaſe the hart.
Dut. If ſo, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmoother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſonnes ſmothered:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Dut. Thou rode, thou rode, where is thy brother *Clare*
And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trum*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire, *ſound.*
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell: